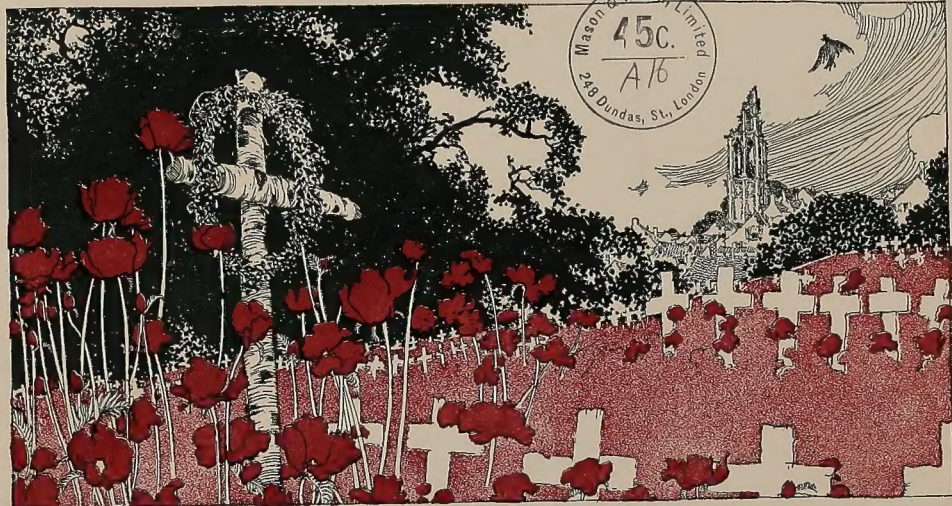


Chas. H. Tuttle
IN FLANDERS FIELDS
THE POPPIES GROW



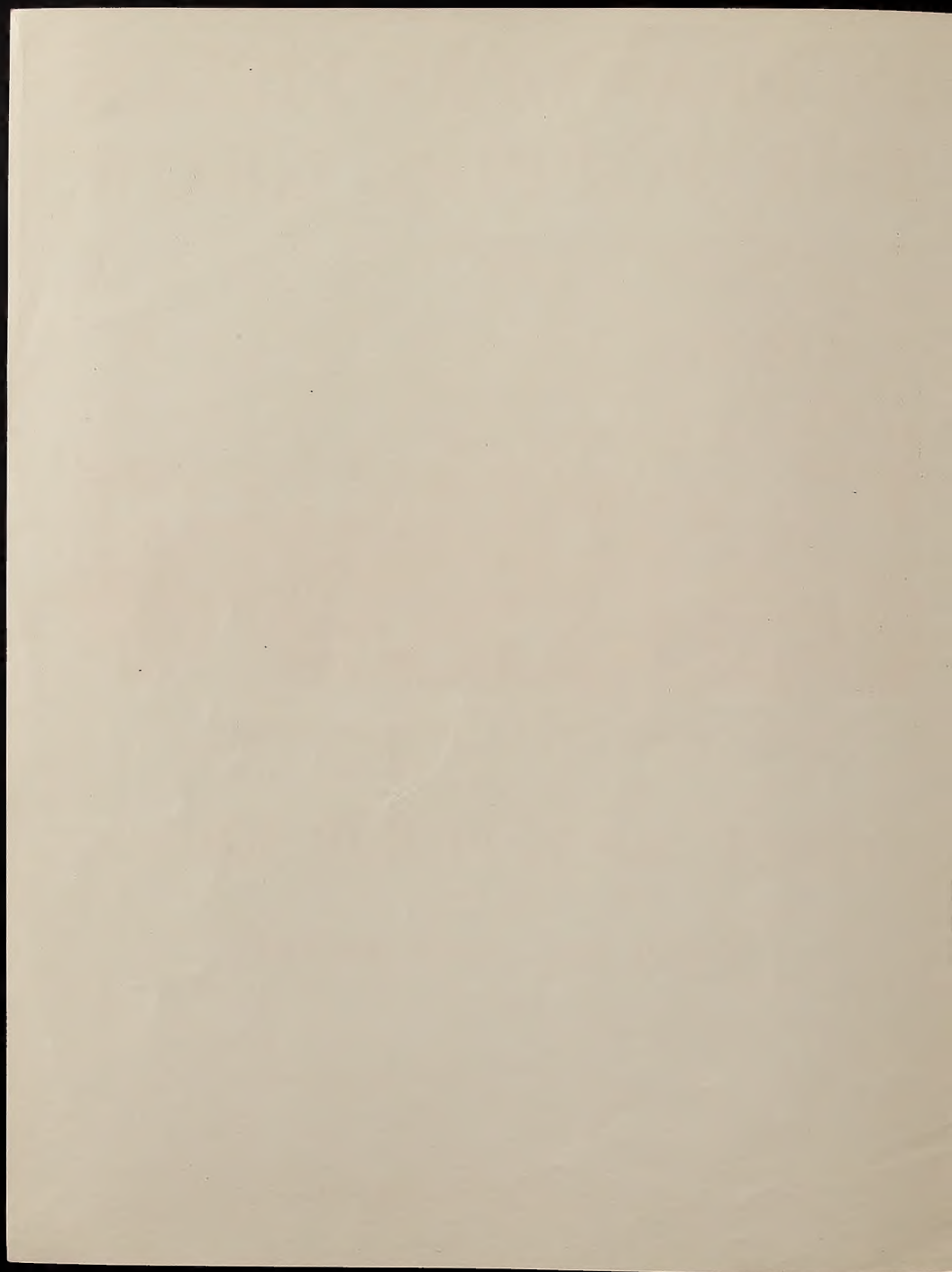
Song with Piano Accompaniment
by
LIEUT. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

Words by
LIEUT.-COL. JOHN McCRAE



Price, 30 cents, net
(No Discount)

New York • G. SCHIRMER • Boston



IN FLANDERS FIELDS THE
POPPIES GROW

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high:
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN McCRAE,
Canadian Army

This poem was first published anonymously in London
"Punch." The author is Dr. John McCrae, formerly of
the Royal Victoria Hospital at Montreal, now with No. 3
Canadian General Hospital in France.

In Flanders Fields the Poppies Grow

Words by
Lieut. Col. John McCrae
Canadian Army

Music by
Lieut. John Philip Sousa
U. S. N. R. F.

Andante

Voice

Piano *p*

very evenly and sustained

In Flan-ders fields the pop-pies grow, the pop-pies grow, the pop-pies

grow — Between the crosses, row on row, row on row, That mark the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Andante' and 'p' (piano). The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The voice part enters with the lyrics 'In Flan-ders fields the pop-pies grow, the pop-pies grow, the pop-pies'. The piano part continues with a sustained melody. The lyrics continue: 'grow — Between the crosses, row on row, row on row, That mark the'. The score is written in G major and 4/4 time.

slightly faster

place, and in the sky, The larks, still brave-ly sing - ing fly, Scarce

rall.

heard a-mid the guns be - low.

We are the dead: short days a-go We lived, felt dawn, saw sun-set glow,

rit.

Loved and were loved, and now we lie In Flanders fields,

mf espress.

bold and rugged

in Flanders fields. Take up our quarrel

f

with the foe; To you from fail-ing hands we throw The torch! Be

ff

marital

yours to hold it high; be yours to hold it

slow and intense

high! If ye break faith with us who die, We shall not

Adagio

sleep, though poppies grow In Flan-ders fields.

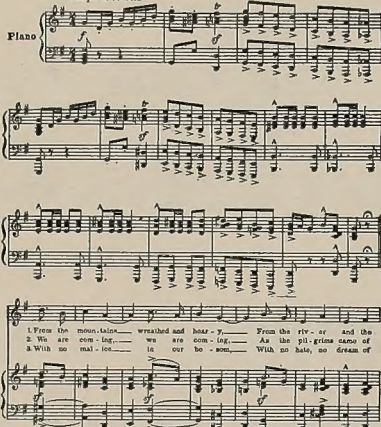
FOUR NEW SONGS by JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

We Are Coming
Marching-Song of America

Words by
Edith Willis Linn

Music by
John Philip Sousa

Tempo di Marcia



* These verses were awarded the prize of five hundred dollars offered by "Life" for the best poem suitable for use as a warning.

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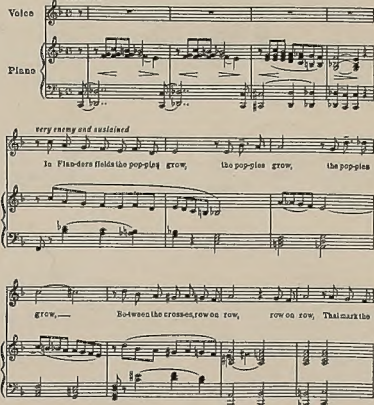
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In Flanders Fields the Poppies Grow

Words by
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Music by
John Philip Sousa

Andanjo



very enemy and sustained

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grow,— Between the crosses, row on row, row on row, That mark the

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Lovely Mary Donnelly

Words by
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Musical by
John Philip Sousa

Moderato



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The Love that Lives Forever

Geo. P. Waller

John Philip Sousa

Andante cantabile



I have no thought that is not thine, No joy I would not

have you share; The love-light from your glow-lag eyes To

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